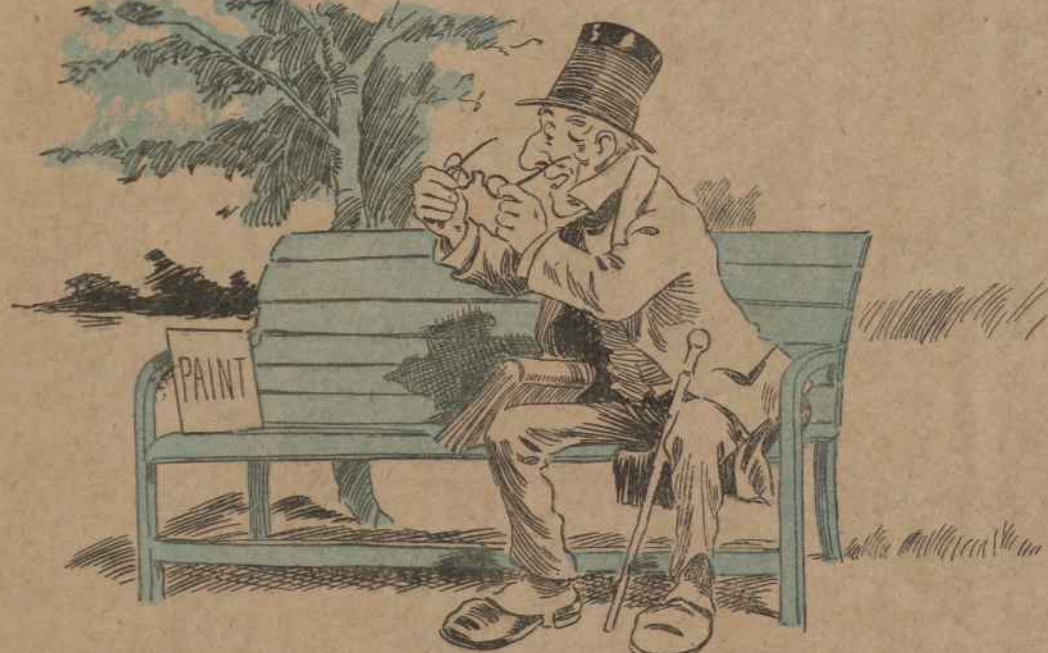


CURIOSITY SATISFIED.



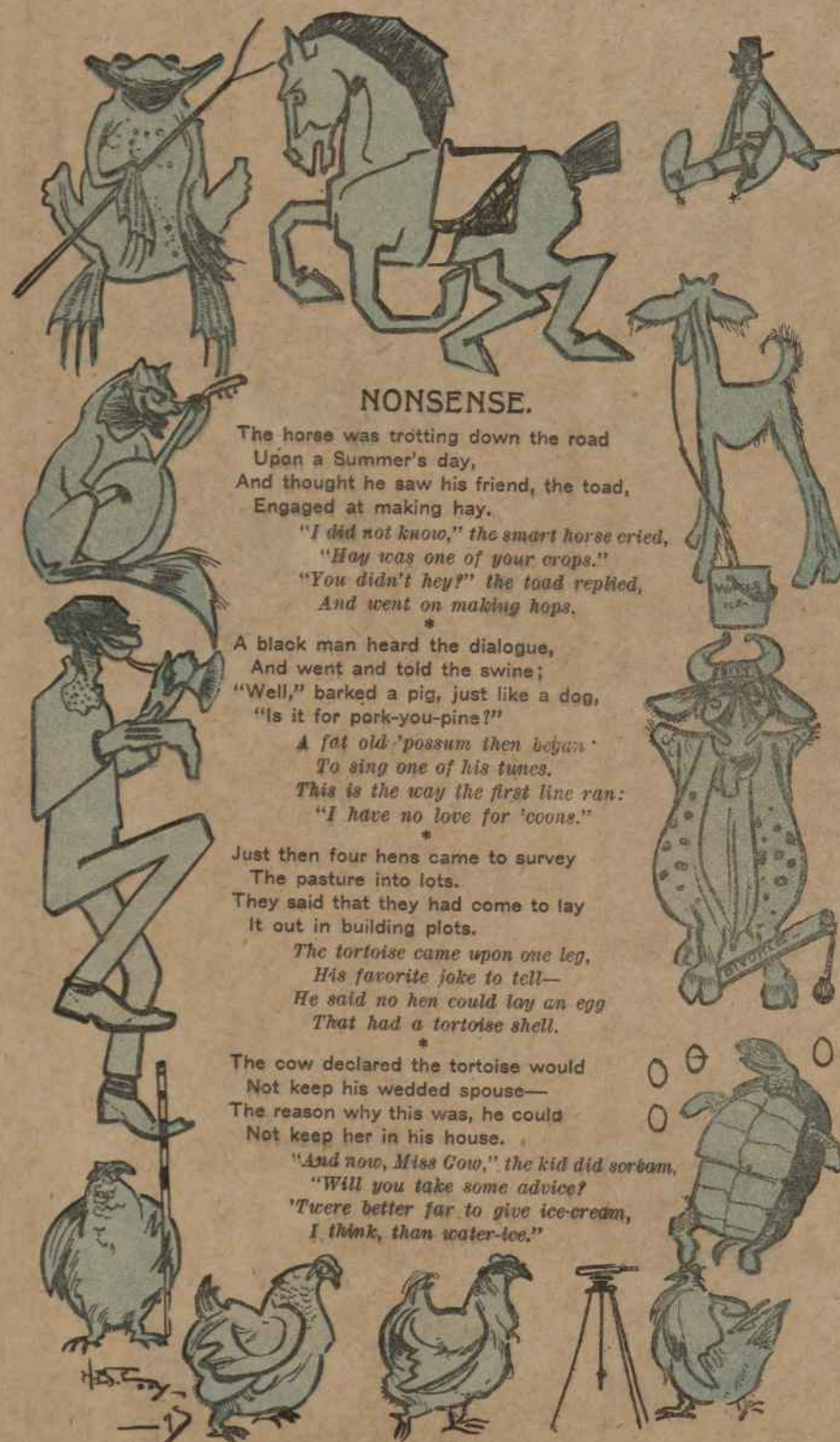
1. HOW THE NEAR-SIGHTED MAN---



2. ---CAREFULLY READ---



3. ---THE SIGN.



NONSENSE.

The horse was trotting down the road
Upon a Summer's day,
And thought he saw his friend, the toad,
Engaged at making hay.
"I did not know," the smart horse cried,
"Hay was one of your crops."
"You didn't hey?" the toad replied,
And went on making hops.

A black man heard the dialogue,
And went and told the swine;
"Well," barked a pig, just like a dog,
"Is it for pork-you-pine?"

A fat old possum then began
To sing one of his tunes.
This is the way the first line ran:
"I have no love for 'coons."

Just then four hens came to survey
The pasture into lots.
They said that they had come to lay
It out in building plots.

The tortoise came upon one leg,
His favorite joke to tell—
He said no hen could lay an egg
That had a tortoise shell.

The cow declared the tortoise would
Not keep his wedded spouse—
The reason why this was, he could
Not keep her in his house.

"And now, Miss Cow," the kid did scold,
"Will you take some advice?
'Twere better far to give ice-cream,
I think, than water-ice."

A Rushed Romance.

(Written in the most approved telegraphic style.)

CHAPTER I.

Gustavus, Henrietta. Love, first sight.

CHAPTER II.

Villain. Loves Henrietta. Hates Gustavus.

CHAPTER III.

Gustavus, Henrietta, plan elopement. Villain discovers. Tells papa.

CHAPTER IV.

Moonlight night. Tandem, Gustavus, Henrietta. Papa, villain, single wheels. Gustavus, Henrietta, lead. Mad race.

CHAPTER V.

Papa, villain, galloping. Henrietta, trembling. Gustavus, desperate.

CHAPTER VI.

Turning into pike from cross-road, another tandem, Bill Scrapper, best girl. Ride leisurely. Papa, villain, heads down, riding furiously, fall to notice second tandem enter on scene.

CHAPTER VII.

Papa, villain, overtake tandem, Bill Scrapper, best girl. Mistake them for Gustavus, Henrietta. Call supposed Gustavus names, threaten him. Discover mistake too late. Bill Scrapper dismounts, kicks papa, villain, into middle of next week. Gustavus, Henrietta, ha-ha!

CHAPTER VIII.

Gustavus, Henrietta, parson. Papa, villain, hospital.

She Had Come to Know Him.

MRS. BENHAM—You said that after we were married life would be one grand, sweet song.

BENHAM—Well, what of it?

MRS. BENHAM—Is that the reason that you do on a tool so often?

The White Girl's Treachery.

A Romance of the Jungle.

"I cannot marry a Zulu."

As the girl speaks she turns on her French heel and gazes at the expiring sunset.

The panther-like eyes of the athletic young native glitter like dimes that are fresh from the mint.

"Comatoocha! Pak-pak!" he exclaims, with a sinuous movement of his sockless Trilby. "You shall not spurn me in vain without me being aware of it. It is true that I have no tandem, nor do I see any chance of my possessing one as long as the import price in these regions remains at 17,000,000 cow-ries, and my father, the plumber, conceals from me the combination of his safe.

But I have a diamond frame, the only one in the country, which you might use if you were my wife, for I should then have no objection to your wearing bloomers."

A gorgeous blush inflames her cheek like a yard of red flannel. "Do you mean that?" she inquires, with a half turn of her neck.

"Most certainly. And as an earnest of my intentions you may have the loan of the wheel from 6 to 8 o'clock to-morrow morning, just to see how it fits you."

The girl's face shines eagerly, as with the gliding motion of a snake a thought creeps into her brain.

"Agreed!" she murmurs. "Farewell. I go to prepare my costume."

It is evening on the following day, and the tropic sun, before retiring for the night, illumines the agile form of a native who is kicking himself with terrific fervor. For he knows that ere this the girl must be over the border and in the adjoining province, and he realizes too late that he has been bunched out of the only wheel within three thousand miles.

Correctly Defined.

"What is a political problem, pa?"

"Figuring how much you can get for your vote."

HELPLESS.



"Would yer slap me if I kissed you?"
"I would if I didn't have such a sore finger!"

Truthful Willie.

VISITOR—Are you going to be a man like your papa when you grow up, Willie?

WILLIE—Ma says heaven forbid.

MISCONSTRUED.

COLDWATER—I was never drunk in all my life!

COLONEL BOURBON (admiringly)—Deah me, suh! An' you don't look like a man that could stan' much, eithah!

The Truth of the Matter.

Here—
The genl drew a glittering object from beneath his robe.

—"Is the Wonderful Lamp?"
Aladdin regarded it intently.
"It's a beaut," he said, "but what's wonderful about it?"

The genl bowed low.
"A silk shade goes with this style the like of which cannot be duplicated, and—"

He smiled benevolently.
—"none of your wife's friends, seeing it, can go away to spread the news that she can get one just like it for \$4.98."

The next instant he vanished, leaving the Wonderful Lamp in the hands of the lucky Aladdin.

So Deuced Funny.

ALGY—Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
CHOLLY—What's the matter, deah boy?

ALGY—Ha! ha! ha! Oh, I shall burst! It's so clevah! Teddy was telling me of a joke—ha! ha! ha!—that the Pwince of Wales larked at. Ha! ha! ha! I forget what it was, but the Pwince, cunning fellow, he actually roared. Ha! ha! ha!

CHOLLY—Ha! ha! ha! Oh, I shall burst! I know I shall! Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

"Strange!"
The swarthy man who was the cynosure of all eyes in that impressive scene chuckled softly to himself.

"It was predicted of me that I should one day make my mark. And now—"

And there was not one trace of pride or self-assumption in his manner.
—"It has all come true!"

Taking the pen handed him, he put a cross beneath the words, "I am not guilty. John Steel."

Future Defence.

HICKS—Fortifications such as we have at present will form no factor in wars of the future. The chief agency in defending cities against attack will doubtless be tacks.

WICKS—Tacks? Why so?
HICKS—I see it is predicted that in a few years the use of bicycles in the army will be universal.

Willing to Reconsider.

HIGHLAND FATHER—Hoot, awn, mon, I readna gte ma consent to a bleetherin' cejit that hasna sarpence!

HIGHLAND SUITOR—Heh, sir, that's over strong.

HIGHLAND FATHER—Awcel, it may be oae, Have ye more nor sarpence?

AN OPTICAL DELUSION.



MR. SWELLSON upon his return from the club some time in the a. m.)—Well, ye Stars and Stripes! Am I the Sultan?"

Beyond the Pale.

"Kind lady," said the tattered man, "you see before you an outcast in a double sense. I am not allowed to mingle with good society, and even my brother tramps refuse to associate with me."

"My, oh my! What dreadful crime have you committed?"

"Why, mum, one day when it was thunderin' an' lightnin' most terrific I took refuge in a factory. They'll never forgive it, mum."

A NAPOLEON OF FINANCE.

CHOLLY—Harry is a great financier.
CHAPPIE—Yaas?

CHOLLY—He borrowed a nickle from me yesterday to take him uptown to see a man that he knew he could borrow five dollars from, and with that five dollars he blow off another man that he borrowed a hundred from.